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Republican
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The Bellefontaine Republican.

Official
Paper
Of the City.

VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1898.

NUMBER 81.



KEEP
YOUR
EYE
On That
SHEEP!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
Right at the top with a lot of the finest

DELANE MERINO RAMS

in Logan County. All stock recorded. Make your selections early and get first choice. Prices reasonable.

G. A. HENRY,
BELLEFONTAINE, O.



THE HOOSIER
Fan Mill,
Seed Separator,
Cleaner and Grader.

PATENTED MAY 18, 1897.

It will clean, separate, and grade all kinds of seed or grain. It will separate Rye, Oats, Barley, Corn, Mustard and Chaff from the grain. It will separate Buckwheat, Rye, Barley, Plantain, Sand, and all other impurities from Flour. It will separate Clover from Timothy, and any other separation desired. It will clean and separate Wheat into two grades at one operation, at the rate of one bushel every minute. It has a motion different from all other machines, and will not dance about the floor. It is smaller, neater, and has a greater screen capacity than any mill on the market. It will pay for itself in one season. Call at the factory and see this machine work.

DeGraff Manufacturing Co.,

Send for Catalogue. **GRAFF, OHIO.** Agents Wanted.

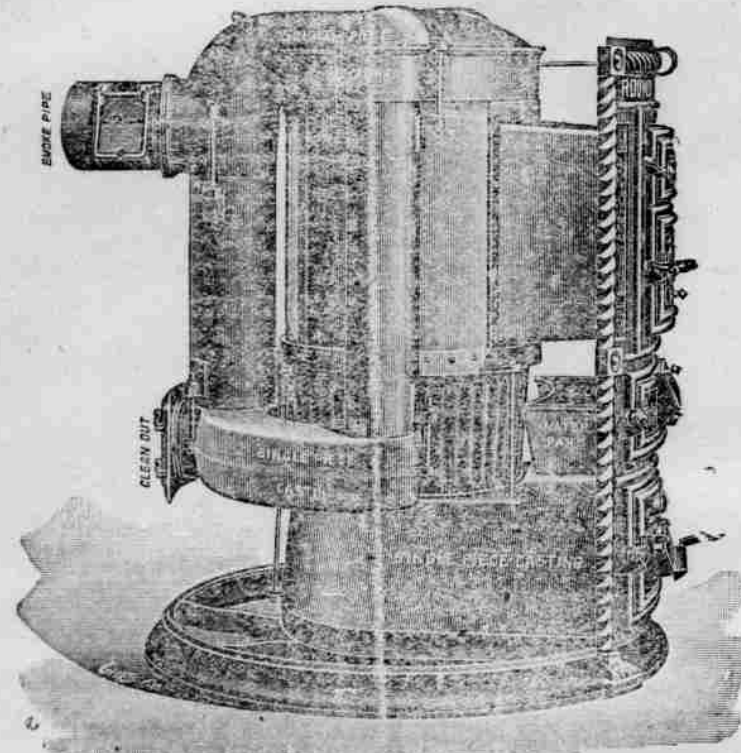
Sampson Slayed the Lion,

But this lion is slaying the price on GASOLINE STOVES; also has a large stock of Screen Doors, Windows, Wire, Ice Cream Freezers, Refrigerators, Beekeeper's Supplies, Seythes, Snaths, Lawn Mowers, Harnesses, Binders and Mowers.

John Plummer,

120 WEST COLUMBUS AVE., BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

THE ROUND OAK FURNACE



most powerful heater, greatest fuel saver and most durable in construction of any in the market.

BURNS { **HARD COAL, SOFT COAL or WOOD.**

J. K. MILLIGAN
109 North Main Street.

If You are Thinking

Of buying a WATCH? It will be to your interest to call and see us. Our stock is large and prices low. Come in and take a look at our RINGS, CHAINS, BRACELETS, SPECTACLES, SILVER KNIVES, FORKS and SPOONS. Now is the time to select, and you can not do better than call and see us.

DAVIS BROS., JEWELERS,

EMPIRE BLOCK.

THE Union Central Loan Agency.

W. A. WEST, Agent.

Five and ten year Loans on first mortgage, farm security. Interest at seven per cent. payable annually. Borrower charged no commission, nor to be at any expense except for or connected with abstract of title, and making mortgage and may repay in any year one-half of the principal.

Office Opposite West Door of Court House. MAIN STREET, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO July 12, 1898.

J. A. HARTZLER,

DEALER IN

Hard and Soft Coal,
201 South Main Street.

Coal delivered to any part of the city on short notice. Telephone 22. Leave your orders or call at

THE UP-TOWN COAL OFFICE.
Jan. 26, 1897-18.

FRANK R. GRIFFIN,

DENTIST.

Special attention given to operations on the natural teeth and the care of Children's teeth.

Office, Room 20, Lawrence Bldg. BELLEFONTAINE O. July 28, 1897

THE UP-TO-DATE COAL

OFFICE

Opposite JoHantgen's Shop

Will continue to keep on hand a full supply of COAL, WOOD, BRICK, CEMENT, BUILDING SUPPLIES, PAINT, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and FEED of all kinds.

Geo. P. Baker,

113 South Main St. Phone 58. September 3, 1897.

Just What

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

Something Nice

FOR A WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

WE HAVE THEM.

C. A. MILLER,

200 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Nov. 19, 1897, 18.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION!

A. PEEBLES,

THE TAILOR,

Is now prepared to furnish

Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats

At prices ranging from

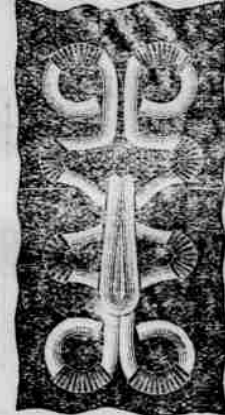
\$3 TO \$5

Less than others can. Goods, Trimmings and Workmanship First-class.

No. 104 North Main Street.

September 27-41.

FOUR LOOP HOOKS AND EYES.



Sew
Through
the
Four
Loops.

PRACTICAL, SENSIBLE.

They Stay Hooked.
No Pulling Loose.
No Gapping.
Leave Surface Flat.

HANDSOME AND NEAT.

Kalamazoo Corset Co.,
SOLE AGENTS,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

SOLD BY

A. BUTLER,

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

July 1898 p. 101m

DeLand's "Cap Sheaf" Brand Soda.



NATIONAL FLAGS.

Set of thirty cards showing the national flags of the principal nations of the world. One of these cards is packed in each large package of CAP SHEAF soda.

If a complete set is desired, we will mail same on receipt of five one-pound CAP SHEAF wrappers. Give your name and post office plainly written.

DELAND & CO., Fairport, N. Y.

CARTER BROTHERS, Agents,

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Tremain's Insurance Agency,

Office 1 and 2 Empire Block.

No. 125 1/2 South Main Street, Bellefontaine.

Insures against Loss or Damage by

Fire, Lightning, Tornadoes

and Wind Storms.

None but old reliable companies in this agency, which has been established for 20 years.

W. C. TREMAIN, Agent.

4-20-98-137

AT

The Oak Restaurant.

You can buy Springfield Steam Baked bread, fresh daily; absolutely the best in the city. Please give us a call.

W. B. CURTIS,

PROPRIETOR.

Sept. 23, 1898-2w.

MONEY TO LOAN

At 6 Per Cent.

On Farm Security and Papers promptly prepared with no unnecessary delays.

A. Jay Miller,

Offices 8 and 9 Empire Block.

September 27, 1898. Bellefontaine, Oh. o.

TWO MINUTES IN THE CLOUDS.

A letter came this morning for "Colonel So-and-so." And one for "Honorable," and the rest of it, you know. I took them up and laid them from all the rest apart. I gazed upon them fondly and pride was in my heart.

It seemed to me that somehow I'd grown a foot or two. Since the postman had come in and then passed on out of view. I felt that I had risen to the thirty-third degree. Of human consequence and that the world was watching me.

To be addressed as "Colonel"—ah, what a splendid thing! And "Honorable"—well, it was next to being king! At least two men were learning to estimate my worth.

Here was my fame beginning to echo round the earth. I tore one letter open and read the message through. The man who dubbed me "Colonel," I'll now confess to you. Was somewhat short of money—a common thing with men—He'd a grateful debt if I could "lend him ten."

The other man was anxious to get a public place—My influence would help him to "win out in the race." I cast the letters from me. I thought some things of men. That never shall be printed—and went to work again.

—A. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

HIS LETTERS.

We had been three months married, and lived in the blessed expectancy of a secretaryship which I had been promised on a commission appointed to inquire into some abuses the government did not want to find out, but the preliminaries dragged, and I found myself doomed to a period of enforced idleness which did not improve my temper, and I fear tried my wife's severely, for, though happy, we were human. Our first, and thank heaven, our only tiff, took place one memorable day when we were both gardening on a plot of soot blackened ground attached to our modest dwelling.

In making a bench I had planted a number of carnations and pinks together, contrary to my wife's directions, and on discovering the mistake she said what I suppose nine out of ten women would have said. I answered tartly, being preoccupied with bitter thoughts, and so scornful did our discussion become that Edith went into the house.

After some minutes' reflection I felt the childishness of my conduct and followed to make it up. She was not in the little sitting room at the top of our mansion, so I descended to search for her in the drawing room, which had doors opening on the conservatory and hall. By chance I chose the first and had almost entered the room when I heard the sound of a chair being moved.

"What's that?" I called. "The chair," she answered, "is the chair of the poor fellow who has just died." I looked at her face to face with Arbucula.

"I daresay you know who I am?" the latter was saying. Edith denied the implied honor. "You are your state the more gracious," retorted Arbucula. "But your husband does, and that is the chief point. The servant told me he was at home." She looked just as splendid as ever and swept our modest little apartment with a scornful glance.

"My husband is engaged," said Edith. "Anything you have to say may be said to me." "Indeed?" replied Arbucula. "Well, I have got a good many things to say." My wife folded her hands and, finding one of her gardening gloves on, pulled it off and threw it on the table. "Guard!" thought I.

"And first," continued Arbucula, "I want to say that your husband is the writer of those letters." And she deposited a formidable bundle on the table beside the glove. "They were written to me. You may read them if you choose."

"I have no desire to do so," replied my wife. "They would interest you, with those he has, I dare say, written to yourself."

"I fear you misunderstand, though the error is a natural one—for you," replied my wife. "They were written to me. A spot of light shone in Arbucula's eye. 'They would be useful,' she continued, 'if you wanted to make things hot for him—as you undoubtedly will.'"

My wife was silent; she played with her wedding ring. "Or perhaps you won't care to see them in the public press," the other added viciously. "I know a literary chap who would dress 'em up well; they'd want a little draping for a paper I know of."

"I conclude, then, that the lawyers have marked 'no case?'" observed Edith, and Arbucula glanced curiously at her.

"I do not take my—wrongs to a law court," she said magnificently. "In that you show your wisdom," replied my wife. Arbucula looked at her again, with something approaching respect, but there was a sparkle beneath the eyelids.

"Come, what will you give to prevent it?" she asked. "Nothing," responded Edith quietly. "He would be of a different opinion!" observed Arbucula.

"Hardly," said my wife. "He is not a fool."

"You are the first woman who ever said that of him," retorted Arbucula. "I do not doubt it," replied my wife, with much significance, and the other reddened slightly. "Under the guard," thought I.

"All women are the same to him," continued Arbucula, recovering herself. "What is the difference between you and me? A wedding ring."

"And all it symbolizes," rejoined my wife softly. "That's a home on a fifth rate terrace, with only one stepcock for eight of you, and the lady next door cuts off the water when she has had a few words with you over the hedge—I know it!" sneered the other.

"Oh, it symbolizes more," said Edith, but her tone was weaker. The thrust had gone home, for the study of hydrostatics had been forced upon us of late. "And what is that, pray?" demanded Arbucula insolently.

"To explain would be to insult your intelligence—and yourself," replied Edith. "Beat in carte, lunge in tierce!" thought I.

"Oh, I am not thin skinned!" laughed Arbucula. "I made allowance," rejoined my wife. Arbucula's lips became a thin line of scarlet. Then they parted, and she smiled. I knew that she had always possessed a most unfeminine sense of humor, but I was not prepared for its assertion at this supreme moment. The two women stood looking at each other smile lighting her face, my wife's pale, yet never so beautiful, I thought, though not enlightened by the contrast. I note the lines of anxiety which had been creeping there during the past months, and violet shadows under the sweet eyes. The other gathered up the letters and began to shuffle them as one would a pack of cards.

"You are dying to read them!" she said. My wife's voice said, "No." Her face was not so explicit. "Here's one—it's poetry," continued Arbucula. "It was written for a staid I invented, the Arbucula book—you might have heard of it."

"No, it must have been before my time," said Edith innocently. "Possibly you came rather late in the day," retorted the other.

A SNOWDROP.

Wonderful, immaculate, White herald of the spring. No winter can be desolate. That bears so sweet a thing! Soft, snowy petals striped with green, Deep hidden heart of gold and blue. The world that hath such beauty seen Can never more be old.

No shades of ruddy light suffuse Thy petals cool and pure. The roseless, chill auroral dews Alone thy lips allure. Then art not frank'd with purple stains, Nor fire of scarlet bright, But silver'd by the silvery rains And touched with vernal light.

And I, who once the roses lov'd, Allegiance bring to thee, Well knowing that wilt ne'er be prov'd So wanton or so free! But, cloister'd from the wild wind's breath, Nor flaunting in the sun, Will lend a beauty e'er to death When thy pure life is done.

—New York Times.

HER GUARDSMAN.

In a small house in Clarges street a girl of 18 stood in her presentation dress, while her long three yards and a half of white satin train trailed behind her. A maid knelt on the ground, picking out here and there a leaf from the sprays of lilies of the valley.

Marjorie looked in the mirror and patted a rebellious curl. "I feel excited. I can't help it. Oh, mother, I wish it were like a story, the country mouse being taken to court and a real live duke or earl falls in love with little mouse. I shall be in the midst of this great world soon. I wish something really romantic could happen."

"You'll have to take the taskmaster, Love, into your bargain with Fate, dear," said Mrs. Beauchamp. And Marjorie hid her face in her lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley, white orchids and white violets, and her heart gave a quick throb.

There was a "somebody" then. Perhaps no belted earl nor strawberry leaved duke, but a handsome, sunburned face looked into hers, the mellow voice had whispered.

It was later on the same day, the carriages in endless strings down the mail, an eager crowd pressing close to all the windows, making their remarks freely. "This waiting is very tiring," said Marjorie, "and I am so hungry."

"The gates are opened. We shall soon be in my dear," said Lady Hamilton. The sunshine coming out in a great shower of splendor almost dazzled Marjorie, as looking through the glass windows she was conscious of one of the guardsmen on duty watching her intently. His bearded chin hid his eyes and brow.

Was she dreaming or was there distinct recognition in that soldier's glance? The sweeping brown mustache concealed his mouth. She looked at him again, the carriage moved forward, he smiled. She bent forward, and her face dimpled into a smiling response; impulsively she waved her hand.

"To whom, may I ask, were you bowing?" said Lady Hamilton severely. "I recognized some one, auntie, in the crowd," faltered Marjorie. "And her aunt, noting the sudden rush of color and shining eyes, grew suspicious. 'A man was the only cause for that kind of emotion,' she thought sagely.

Marjorie almost forgot that fleeting look while making her bow to her majesty. But the guardsman did not intend she should forget. A brilliant scheme had entered his mind.

Truly, only a guardsman scribbling away for dear life. In all the barrenness of barracks surroundings, but he knew he had finished forever with the long, tedious marches. The pipeclaying, the "brass rags" could be chucked away, the parade ground need hear no longer the tread of Corporal Ferguson's feet, no more lonely watches in the tower, when the thought of Anne Boleyn's ghost to keep him company was not cheering.

Goodby to the arduous life of "roughing," goodby to the jarring influences which had surrounded him for two years—years of stern discipline and hard training. He had come out of it well.

And what was he writing, scheming lover, full of ardent fervor? His last test! A sweet little letter, scented delicately, lay next to his heart. This is what she said:

"Do not lead me to do wrong or to deceive. You must let me tell my mother, and I am ready to face the future with you. I will meet you once again, but I can no longer keep it secret."

"Dear, sweet Marjorie, companion of my thoughts and highest aspirations, when I saw you a fortnight ago, I was determined fate should never sever us again. Darling, how good you have been to me, and I shall not try that loving heart another day. You are ever in my mind, my best thoughts are of you, and my one great longing is to win you for my very own."

She looked very sweet in her picture that covered with violets as she walked into her mother's room, dressed for a walk.

"Mother," she said, going over to her and turning very pale; "mother, I can't keep my secret from you any longer."

"A secret, dear child? Why, no, of course not," said Mrs. Beauchamp tenderly, and put out her hand to her two years ago I went on a visit to our old cousin James. When I was there, I met a lovely girl, Constance Ferguson. Do you remember my telling you how I helped nurse her? And—a brother of hers, Charlie Ferguson, had just arrived from Australia."

"Well, my child, what of it?" "I was only 16, mother, and she said 'Have you paid for your Rarus Lican, this year?'"

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